

## POETRY.

[From the Charleston Mercury.]  
**"THE SPIRITS OF THE AIR."**  
 Time told the hour when midnight mounts her throne,  
 In all the pomp which silence can impart,  
 And darkness said that all my hopes were gone:  
 Oh then how sweet 'twas to this broken heart,  
 The almost voiceless Spirits of the Air,  
 Whispering, "thou mourner, thy last home is here."

For I had sat me on the icy grave  
 Of her my heart had truly, madly loved,  
 Tho' skill had fail'd her earthly form to save,  
 I felt her spirit was not far removed;  
 And oh 'twas bliss to be remembered there,  
 Loved and adored by Spirits of the Air.

The rustling of the wings around my head,  
 Spoke more distinctly than the loudest words:  
 "These are the airy maidens of the dead,"  
 And so the holy Patmos Bard records:  
 For when he saw the visions of the air,  
 Where could that vision be if 'twas not here.

One foot on earth, the other high in Heaven,  
 The Ladder's golden rounds which now I see,  
 Who left the earth with all my sins forgiven;  
 I'll save a round my best beloved for thee;  
 For joy, and hope, and happiness, are here!  
 Wouldst thou not be a Spirit of the Air?

Then strive to turn the earth with all its toys,  
 To be a better and a purer man;  
 Seek Heaven with all its promises of joys,  
 †Which none have witnessed since the world began.

Oh with what joy my heart will greet thee here,  
 Another brighter Spirit of the Air.

\*See the whole books of Revelations.  
 †Jacob's Ladder.  
 ‡Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

### THE THREE CALLERS.

BY CHARLES SWAINE.

Morn called fondly to a fair boy straying  
 'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;  
 She calls—but he still thinks of nought, save  
 playing.  
 And so she smiles and waves him an adieu:  
 Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,  
 Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn! returns no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,  
 Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,  
 One young, fair face, from bower of jasmine  
 glowing.

And all his loving heart with bliss is warm,  
 So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,  
 And man forgets that noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming  
 With the thin fire-light, flickering faint and low;

By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming  
 Of pleasures gone—as all life's pleasure go,  
 Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door  
 Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

### PRAIRIE LIFE—A TALE OF REVENGE.

Although much has been written on prairie life, many a wild adventure, and yet many a wilder scene has been left undescribed. Poor Ruxton, who died at St. Louis, and whose highly entertaining and valuable work, "Scenes in the Far West," is enriched with many a story and scene which, no doubt, to the people of the East, seem like tales from the Arabian Nights, is the author of the following:  
 There is so much originality, about the manner and habits of the trapper and frontiersman, that one is struck with their peculiar language or mode of expressing themselves, as well as their singular costume. They are, in fact, as distinct and marked a class as sailors, and have as many odd and quaint sayings.

It is generally the commission of crime, some disappointment in life, or a native love of adventure and peril, that makes these men desert the comforts of civilized society for the wilds and haunts of the red man. We can imagine the terrible reaction which takes place when the storm of passion or wreck of disappointed hopes sweeps over the sensitive soul, and leaves a desolation—a ruin of the former man. It is misfortunes like these which sear and dry up the finest feelings—some mortal wrong or injustice committed by others toward them, in revenging which, they have been compelled to leave their homes and become exiles in the Far West.

A story is told of an extraordinary meeting, and an act of revenge said to have taken place many long years ago, on the fork of the Pawnee. A party of four, who had been roving for many years in the West, all strangers to each other, were one day accidentally thrown together, when a strange and bloody scene ensued. These men presented a striking contrast in feature. The youngest was delicately made, with long, light hair and blue eyes; his exposure had given him a rich, brown complexion. He was of the medium stature, and made for strength and agility. There was a dark void over his features, which told that with him the light of hope had gone out. He was traveling on a mule, with his rifle in his gun leather at the bow of his saddle, when

he overtook a man on foot, with a gun on his shoulder and pistols in his belt, who was over six feet, and had a deep, wide scar on his right cheek. As day was drawing to a close, they proposed to camp, and brought up at the head of the fork of the Pawnee. Shortly after they had camped, a man was seen reconnoitering them with a rifle in his hand, and having satisfied himself that the sign was friendly, he came moodily into the camp, and after looking sternly at the two men, was asked by *Scar Cheek* to "come to the ground." He was a stout, muscular man, much older than the other two, with a deep, habitual scowl, long, black, matted hair, and very unprepossessing features. Some common place remarks were made, but no questions were asked by either party.

It was near twilight when the young man, who had gathered some buffalo chips to make a fire to cook with, suddenly perceived a man approaching them on a mule; he came steadily and fearlessly on to the camp, and, casting a look at the three, said, "Look ye for Indians?" then glancing at the deer-skin dress of the trio, he observed, "Old leathers—some time out, eh?" The man was about fifty years old, and his gray hairs contrasted strangely with his dark, bronzed features, upon which care and misfortune were strongly stamped. He was only half clad by the miserable skins he wore; and, as he dismounted, *Scar Cheek* asked "Where from?" "From the Kaw," (Kansas) he replied, throwing down a bundle of otter skins. After unloading and staking out his mule, he brought himself to the ground, and taking his rifle, looked at the priming, and shaking the powder in the pan, he added a few more grains to it; then, placing a piece of thin dry skin over it, to keep it from the damp, he shut the pan. The group watched the old trapper, who seemed not to notice them, while *Scar Cheek* became interested, and showed a certain uneasiness. He looked towards his own rifle, and once or twice loosened the pistols in his belt as if they incommoded him. The young and the stout man with the scowl exchanged glances, but no word passed. So far no question had been asked as to who the other was; what little conversation passed was very laconic, and not a smile had wreathed the lip of any one of them.

The little supper was eaten in silence, each man seeming to be wrapt in his own thoughts. It was agreed that the watch should be divided equally among the four, each man standing guard of two hours—the old trapper taking the first watch, the young man next, and *Scar Cheek* and he with the scowl following.

It was a bright moonlight night, and over that barren, wild waste of prairie, not a sound was heard as the three lay sleeping on their blankets. The old trapper paced up and down, ran his eyes around the wild waste before him, and then would stop and mutter to himself, "It cannot be," he said half aloud, "but the time and that scar may have disguised him. That boy, too—it's strange, I feel drawn towards him; then that villain with his scowl," and the muscles of the old trapper's face worked convulsively, which, the moon beams falling upon, disclosed traces of a by-gone refinement. The trapper noiselessly approached the sleeping men, and kneeling down, gazed intently upon the features of each, and scanned them deeply. Walking off, he muttered to himself again, saying—"It shall be," and then judging by the stars that his watch was up, he approached the young man and woke him, pressing his finger upon his lip to command silence at the time, and motioned to him to follow. They walked off some distance, when the trapper, taking the young man by the shoulder, turned his face to the moon light, and, after gazing at it wistfully, whispered in his ear, "Are you Perry Ward?" The young man started wildly, but the trapper prevented his reply by saying "Enough, enough." He then told him that he was his uncle, and that the man with the scar was the murderer of his father; and that he with the scowl had convicted him (the trapper) of forgery by his false oath. The blood deserted the lips of the young man, and his eyes glared and dilated almost from their sockets. He squeezed his uncle's hand, and then, with a meaning glance as he looked to his rifle, moved towards the camp. "No, no!" said the old trapper, "Not in cold blood; give them a chance." They cautiously returned to the camp, and found both the men in a deep sleep. The uncle and nephew stood over them. *Scar Cheek* was breathing hard, when he suddenly cried out, "I did not murder Perry Ward!" "Liar!" said the trapper in a voice of thunder, and the two men started and bounded to their feet. "Red skins about?" asked they in a voice. "No, worse than red skins," said the trapper. "Harry V. and I about!" and seizing his knife he plunged it in *Scar Cheek's* heart. "Then take that," said he with the scowl, and, raising his rifle, the trapper fell a corpse. With a bound and a wild cry the young man jumped at the murderer of his uncle, and with his knife gave him several fatal wounds. The struggle was a fearful one, however, and the young man had also received several bad cuts, when his adversary fell from the loss of blood and soon after expired. Thus ended this strange meeting, and thus were father and uncle reversed.—*N. O. Pic.*

### THE SECRET EXPEDITION.

St. Louis, Sept. 3.

A letter has been received in this city from Round Island, midway between Mobile and New Orleans, which says that 1,000 men of the secret expedition had arrived there, and would sail on board the steamship *Tanez*, on the 20th August, for Deer Island, about 100 miles distant from Vera Cruz. The writer is a member of the expedition, who thinks that Sierra Madre will be the place of destination. Twenty thousand men from different seaports of the United States were expected to rendezvous at a point near Vera Cruz.

**ARREST OF COL. BENTON.**—The St. Josephs *Advocate*, of Aug. 11, says: Old Bullion was arrested on the 6th inst., in this town, (St. Joseph, Mo.) at the instance of Judge Birch, for slander, in publicly charging Judge B. with improper conduct in his family. Col. Benton has filed an answer, and petitioned for a change of venue to Clinton county, the residence of Judge Birch.

**Musical Excitement.**—The people of Piny Grove, Montgomery county, Maryland, have been thrown into a state of excitement owing to strange sounds, resembling the finest music, similar to that of the accordion, which follows a young lady, about sixteen years of age, who resides in a family of that place. The *Rockville Journal* says: "The sound is distinct, and it is said responds promptly to any question. The young lady affects to be, if not really, very much alarmed at this strange visitation. We have seen several respectable persons who have visited the house, who vouch for the truth of this story. The young lady, to all appearances, says they, has no agency in producing the sounds; but we suspect that she is endowed with the singular power of ventriloquism, which she is exerting as a hoax or trick, to frighten the family in which she resides. The music is said to be soft and lovely beyond description."

While Mr. Clay was at Newport, (R. I.) his colored servant Levi was persuaded to leave him and go to Boston. He returned, however, in the course of two or three days. His story, as stated by the "Newport News," is:

"That, having been followed from Saratoga by certain Abolitionists, who made overtures to him to run away, he was finally persuaded to take the step. When he arrived in Boston they paid him \$200, and wanted him to go on board a ship that was about sailing for Liverpool. This he did not like, and, fearing as to what might be done with him, he paid them back the money, and has returned in penitence to Mr. Clay, who kindly received him. Thus ends this small piece of business on the part of these officious abolitionists, who were actuated by no good motives. The boy states that no colored persons were concerned in the matter."

**More of the Indians.**—The *Ocala Argus* states that there are many rumors of Indian signs across the Oclawaha and below the Palatka. At the latter place cattle have been driven off, crockery broken at the deserted dwellings and other damages committed. Also that a band of Indians have been trailed east of the Oclawaha. The trail was discovered by the Messrs. Morrisons, residing in the neighborhood. They struck it in a scrub and followed it into a prairie, where it diverged into three separate trails, then joined, and entered a hammock. They did not go into the hammock, but saw a slight smoke ascending from it, and buzzards hovering over the place. They distinctly saw moose tracks, and supposed that from ten to fifteen Indians composed the party. The trail went North.

**BALLOONING EXTRAORDINARY.**—The Cavalier Victor Vardella succeeded in making his ascension, heels uppermost, on Thursday, September 6, from Vauxhall Garden, New York, in the presence of a large assemblage. There was ear attached to the balloon, nothing but a board to which he was attached by the feet. The ascension was a magnificent one, apart from the singular position of the intrepid aeronaut. He went up calmly, smoking a cigar, and when at a considerable height, threw a sonnet, and effecting an erect position, he remained standing on the board until almost out of sight. He alighted safely, about 7 o'clock, in the Elsin fields, though the balloon was torn to pieces by coming in contact with a tree.—*Baltimore Sun.*

**Trade.**—The New Orleans *Meayune*, in reviewing the incidents connected with the trade of the Southwest and its contrasts at the remote periods of the year, remarks: "Trade, to be lively and animated, needs an upward tendency of prices; but were to unfortunate speculators that is obliged to face the receding market quotations. While the lucky operators are praised for their discernment, and their opinions are quoted for their soundness, their un lucky neighbors, who did not take the tide of the flood, are looked on as green or stu-

pid. Men say, with a shrug, 'Any body could have told you that flour would fall.' 'I never knew such a season that tobacco was not down.' 'I am surprised that you held on so long, pork was certain to be flat.' 'A child might have known that oats would not continue at that price.' Let the quotations show a rise for some time, and fortune's favorites meet a quick sale with large advance, and the wisecracks, with a knowing wink, will tell you, 'I always thought that young man was smart.' 'He always seemed to have a turn for business.' 'I told you that individual would make a fortune.' So wags the world!

**THE WIFE'S INFLUENCE ON HER HUSBAND'S FORTUNE.**—A woman has her husband's fortunes in her power, because she may, or she may not, as she pleases, conform to his circumstances. This is her first duty, and it ought to be her pride. No passion for luxury or display ought for a moment to tempt her to deviate in the least degree from this line of conduct. She will find her respectability in it. Any other course is wretchedness itself, and inevitably leads to ruin. Nothing can be more miserable than the struggle to keep up appearance. If it could succeed it would cost more than it is worth; as it never can, its failure involves the deepest mortification. Some of the sublimest exhibitions of human virtue have been made by women, who have been precipitated suddenly from wealth and splendor to absolute want.

Then a man's fortunes are in a manner in the hands of his wife, inasmuch as his own power of exertion depends on her. His moral strength is inconceivably increased by her sympathy, her counsel, her aid. She can aid him immensely by relieving him of every care which she is capable of taking upon herself. His own employments are usually such as to require his whole time and his whole mind. A good wife will never suffer her husband's attention to be distracted by details to which her own time and talents are adequate. If she be prompted by true affection and good sense, she will perceive when his spirits are down and overwhelmed. She of all human beings, can best minister to his needs. For the sick soul her nursing is quite as sovereign, as it is for corporeal ills. If it be weary, in her assiduity it finds repose and refreshment. If it be harassed and worn to a morbid irritability, her gentle tones steal over it with a soothing more potent than the most exquisite music. If every enterprise be dead, and hope itself almost extinguished, her patience and forbearance have the power to rekindle them in the heart, and he again goes forth to renew the encounter with the toils and troubles of life.

**DEATH OF CAMPBELL, THE POET.**—A writer in the North British Review gives a touching description of the closing scene of Campbell's earthly career. A contemporary well remarks that, to utter the sentiment printed in italics below, furnishes the best commentary upon the piquety of the life he had spent:

"On the 16th he was able to converse more freely; but his strength had become more reduced, and on being assisted to change his posture, he fell back in the bed insensible. Conversation was carried on in the room in whispers; and Campbell uttered a few sentences so unconnected, that his friends were doubtful whether he was conscious or not of what was going on in his presence, and had recourse to an artifice to learn. One of them spoke of the poem of Hohenlinden, and pretending to forget the author's name, said he had heard it was by a Mr. Robinson. Campbell saw the trick, was amused, and said playfully, but in a calm and distinct tone, 'No; it was one Thom Campbell.' The poet had—as far as a poet can—become for years indifferent to posthumous fame. In 1838, five years before this time, he had been speaking to some friends in Edinburgh on the subject. 'When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid over my head, how can literary fame appear to me—to any one—but as nothing. I believe when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue.'"

**THE FIRST SLEEP.**—"Never was drunk but once in my life," said a chap in my hearing, "never mean to be again. The street seemed to be very steep, and I lifted my legs at every step as if I was getting up stairs. Several cart wheels were making convolutions in my brain, and at one time I fancied that my head was a large carving and turning establishment, the lathes of which I was keeping in motion with my own feet. I couldn't conceive what was the reason that the town had turned into such an enormous hill, and what made it worse, was it seemed all the while growing higher, and threatened to pitch over to me. Stop, stop, thought I, and I'll head this old hill yet, or at least I shan't fall me. So I turned round to go down and get at the bottom, but being me if the town did not turn round with me, heading me all the time, and presenting a bluff in front of me,

Well, sure enough, the ground soon flew up and struck me in the forehead, and as soon as the stars cleared away I commenced climbing with my hands and knees. The next thing I saw a big brick house coming full split around the corner! and I believe it ran over me, for I don't remember any more!"

**KISSING.**—We found in the possession of a lady in town, the following manuscript, to justify her in kissing all who might call upon her. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them." "Greet ye one another with a holy kiss"—St. Paul. We left her "searching the Scriptures" diligently for more justification in this cracking business.

While on this subject, we see it stated that the ladies have adopted the plan of kissing no one who is not a "Son" and a "Son of Temperance," nor any one who chews tobacco. Good! Heaven bless you, ladies! Now, if you will just kiss a few (we'll mention them) who are "Sons," and don't use the noxious weed, we'll devote the balance of our days in your special service! Now don't all apply at once, for too much of a good thing would melt us. Gracious!—*Asheville Messenger.*

**DIVINE ORIGIN OF THE SOUL.**—For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital, and a place, not to live but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of mine own frame, that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man.

**NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.**—Some of our contemporaries of the Press are urging that no postage should be charged on newspapers—but that they should all pass free to subscribers. Our own opinion concurs with that of the *Baltimore Sun*, which thus speculates on the subject:

The postage of one cent is not too high on newspapers to be conveyed from one extremity of the Union to the other. It is for the interest of the country to support its local newspapers. Every country should enjoy the convenience and benefit of a printing office, and as an auxiliary to this, should support a newspaper. For this purpose we should like to see the old law re-enacted, allowing newspapers to pass free through the mails for the distance of thirty miles from the place of publication. It never should have been repealed.

### POINSPECTUS

—OF—

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### EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

July 11, 1846.

ALL Communications addressed to His Excellency, Governor SEABROOK, should be directed to Columbia, until the 1st October next.

B. T. WATTS,  
 Executive Sec'y.